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THE PLANTING OF THE CROSS

HORACE M.
DU BOSE

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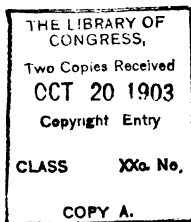
THE
PLANTING OF THE CROSS

BY

HORACE M. DU BOSE



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GENERAL

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INTRODUCTORY.

At the close of the sixth decade of the eighteenth century the Spanish Government began the colonization of the territory now embraced within the limits of the State of California. The movement, as was usual in Spanish settlements in the New World, consisted of a dual occupation; a community of monks and neophytes was established under the protection of a military garrison and the authority of an alcalde or governor. The first settlement was begun at San Diego (called Cosoy by the natives), July 16, 1769. A rude church was built and the foundations of Spanish rule were laid. Father Junipero Serra, a native of the island of Majorca, a Franciscan of apostolic zeal and considerable learning, and long in charge of the Missions in Lower California, with his Presidential seat at ancient Loreto, was made the first President of the new Mission; while Gaspar de Portolá, a knight of the cross in New Spain, became Governor. After the first community had suffered great hardships, the outposts of the Mission were extended to Monterey, and then to San Francisco. Slowly but steadily the intermediate ground was occupied. The Missions flourished and accumulated vast wealth in cattle, stores and cultivated fields, orchards and vineyards. During half a

century thirty thousand Indians were Christianized, taught the arts of civilized life and brought to dwell in orderly communities and in houses of wood and sun-dried brick. Secularization, by which the Mission settlements were changed into pueblos or towns and cities governed by civil magistrates, struck the first blow at the prosperity of this primitive system. The effects of war and the changes of time completed its destruction. But a condition of pastoral simplicity, mixed with unquestioning reverence for the priestly patriarchy set over them, continued amongst the Christianized natives and mixed peoples of the land down to the time of the advent of the Saxon gold hunters and the transfer of the territory to the flag of the United States. In the following lines the narrative of these events is put into the mouth of one of the native Dons or Hidalgos, whose years constitute a sort of link between the old and the new.



I. DON ALEJANDRO.

WHEN laggard summer yawned in August
tide

And blew a stifling mist about the world,
Enticed by day-dreams of a season passed
Full length on ferny banks beneath the shade
Of ash or hemlock boughs, or lulled to sleep
By swift-voiced streams in canyon solitudes,
I shook the city's dust from off my feet
And pitched a useless tent below the peaks
That rise beyond Pajaro's windy copse.

No human footprints marred that dim retreat,
Save such as climbed a zigzag path to reach
The stile and doorway of a lone jacal—
A hawk-nest hut that, flung athwart the rocks,
Stood like a landmark fixed by law's decree
Dividing 'twixt the village sprawled below
And vaster spaces of the hill. I chanced
Upon it first an eve at set of sun,
A time the lone dispenser of its cheer,
A grey-haired Don, sat gazing down the west
As though the twilight swarmed with what he
knew,
The shades and ghosts of all his hundred years.

A mild "Buenos" and a quizzing rote
Drew out his withered soul, a link between
The pastoral times of threescore years ago
And these our own of feverish lust for gold.
Don Alejandro, once undoubted lord
Of half these fertile plains, and of the hills
A hundred, counted east and west, had seen
His flocks, some tens of thousands—sheep and
kine—

Wind ranchward at the rounding up. What now?
A stranger in the land he taught to laugh
With furrowed fields and made to team with
wealth;

And not so much of all his old demesne
Left to his palsied age as nature asks
To make its bed in death. Yet no complaint
He breathed, but garruled in a cheerful way,
Stopping to kiss a little crucifix.

While all the west was reddening with the glow
Of burning cities, reared and pyloned far
In insubstantial mist, and from the lips
Of Alejandro rose a wreath of fragrant smoke
Amongst the needles of the terebinth,
I sat before the lowly door and wove
A strategy about the hoary man
And crossed his palms, until his memory strayed
Beyond the years of gold and strife, ere came
The Saxon trains across the Snowy Range;
When Latin blood ruled all the land, and chimes

Of Latin bells across the pastoral plains
In far Te Deums rolled. Each day renewed
With stately speech the growing tale of how
The black-stoled padres taught the heathen folk,
And filled the land with tokens of the faith;
Or passing holy things, how in the fields
The vaquero upheld his feudal claims;
How swarthy gallants met, with steel to steel,
And fell transfixed, or lived with boastful scars
To claim applause from dark-eyed maids and
dames;
How festal days were graced with sports and baits
Of hornéd bulls in those untroubled years
When grim alcaldes awed the infant State;
And so he garruled on, the senile Don.
Each day I drank the cup tradition filled
And saw the gleaming landscape spread below
Rebloom through Sabbath calm of Latin days.
But only tumbled heaps are left me now
Of that mirage blown by the winds of time,
And what is built through this frail verse of mine
Is random substance from that worthy's tale.

II. PADRE SERRA.

* "Calada Fornax!" sighed the padres where
The desert heaved its fiery zones along
The borders of the Golden Land, when, led
As were the Elders long ago, they came
From fair Loreto on the Southern seas
To build the shrines of God and worship Him
In solemn Mass upon the heathen shore.
"Jesus Salvator!" grant them long repose,
Those ancient holy men, who wrought their tasks
They knew not how, save that they heard a voice
And answered; saw a sign and doubted not,
Till what was mockery of their toils became
At last, in faith's serene reward, the speech
And symbol of delight.

The desert passed,
Remembered as a fever left the blood;
And sweet as vision breaking after death
On holy eyes, the goodly land stretched on
In serrate lines of azure hills and deep,
Wide vales through which the summer, passing,
poured
From cloudland urns the rivers toward the sea.

* "Calada fornax"—fiery furnace, from which some derive the name *California*.

The Padre Serra, Angel of the Church
And first of all those reverend men whose names
Glow through the darkness of primeval times,
Walked in the garden by the Mission wall
In fair Loreto when the tropic day
Glanced in a fiery mist from roofs of tile
And domes grey with a hundred years of age,
And, while a passion shook his frame as winds
In wild Gorgonio shake the aspen boughs,
Prayed in the utterance of a long desire.
"Exsurgat Deus!" breathed the reverend lips:
"Let God arise; in darkness long has lain
The pleasant land, and all the heathen die
For lack of light and Holy Church; or ere
We plant the cross on those blue slopes and claim
The cheerful vales for God and our mild King,
The Arian hordes will mar. A sign, O God!
Thy servants wait." Hereat an earthquake shook
The hoary shrine and rent the massive tower,
From which a snow-white nesting dove escaped
Flew northward o'er the level plain and passed
Into the heathen land; and all along
The quivering air the padre heard the chimes
Of distant bells, as though o'er miles of sea
They came, ringing the "Veni Creator."

"Laus Deus!" cried the thankful priest; "the time
Is ripe to call the heathen child; and by
This sign God sends us forth." And still
The temple shook; and half the silent saints

In silvern vestments from their niches fell
And lay before the Host; the censers gave
The smell of incense burnt; and so the sign
About an hour's space prevailed, and passed.

God's plans, though slowly wrought to human
sight,
Complete themselves and lose not through the
years

One jot of all the ends they hold. Yet while
He waits, one prayer avails to hasten what
He wills and brings an empire to its birth.
Don Carlos coming to the throne of Spain
Destroyed the bloody court of Torquemade,
Expelled the Jesuit wolves, decreed a peace
And breathed his purpose through the shrinking
realm.

Ships multiplied upon the seas, wealth grew
And filled Iberian coffers and the King's,
Who, fain to claim his heritage beyond the sea,
Indited letters, sealed and sent them hence
By hands of noble men, Galvaéz chief;
And thus it came to pass that day of signs,
At eve, about the time of Angelus,
That Don Rivera to the Mission rode
With letters from the King, and with him came
Two scores of Catalans and twenty knights
Sworn to the Holy Cross and to the King.

Thus went the royal mandate, read that eve
Before the altar when a solemn pomp
Was in the holy house : "Don Carlos, King,
To Portolá, the Governor, Greetings—lo !
The time is full; the Golden Land is ours,
Our legacy from those whose daring clove
The seas and found this goodly ancient pearl,
Meet now to glisten in the crown of Christ.
Arise and claim it for the King, and plant
The cross beside the shore. God prosper all !"
Thus did the King's most royal mandate read,
And brought the Padre Serra's vision true.

At Autumn went the knights and friars by land,
The Catalans by ship with stores to build
The shrine of God at Cosoy on the heathen shore.
But Serra, being lame, and burdened sore
With care about the diocese and who
Should fill his room (for on him weighed the
Church
And many houses of his brotherhood,
Himself their sun and guiding star), went not
Upon the journey with the first, but blessed
And sent them forth, himself to follow soon;
And after such a time he went, and with him
Went a neophyte and cuirassier
To bear his holy things and guard the way.

From San Javier came Father Palou forth
To greet his brother priest, and kissed his hands

With many tears of love and joy ; and him
Did Padre Serra name to fill his room ;
And thus content passed on, albeit pained
At every step with ulcered feet ; but helped
By native skill in use of unctuous herbs,
And borne from holy house to holy house,
He passed into the desert, fainting oft ;
And coming on the Governor's halting train,
Sank swooning into Padre Crespi's arms,
These two being knit in soul to toil as one.

At Cosoy in the heathen land they prayed
And raised the cross beside the curving shore,
While from the branches of a mighty oak
The bells rang out the " Veni Creator,"
As Padre Serra heard them on the air
In fair Loreto by the Mission wall ;
And far across the dimpling sea, and up
The land along the sunny slopes it ran,
God's message to the heathen folk to hear and live.
And here they set an altar up, and cast
A wall about the place, and dwelt secure
While twice the fields were sowed and reaped ;
and herds

Were bleating in the fragrant pounds run rank
With billowing grass and galingales. Sometimes
The heathen glared in wolfish wrath, sometimes
Were docile as the doves and hares about the wilds ;
But once they rose with treacherous aid and slew
The Father Luis ; and in later times

They burned the holy house with which were
charged

The Fathers Fuster and Jaume; of whom
They wounded one, the other slew, and left
The sweet place desolate; but all because
The soldiers wronged them sore, deflowered their
maids

And stole away their wives; but now no shame
Was done, and many learned the creed and came
And dwelt as neophytes within the walls.

At Cosoy fain the Catalans had stayed
And ended there their labors for the King,
So pleasant was the land; and rest and ease
And dalliance of the swarthy heathen maids
Had dulled the fiery ardor of their faith.
So, like a brood of sluggish bats, they gorged
And slept until the Governor doubted much
If he should push the conquest of the King;
Howbeit, half a year before he led
His host a hundred leagues or more to north
Seeking Vizcaino's Bay, concerning which
The King had written, saying, "Build beside
Its shores the house of God, and claim the land."

And thence they went, but knew it not, though
such

As might have stood for all the King desired;
But being faint, they did but set a cross

Amongst the pines before the sea and wrote:
"Who finds this holy thing, pray dig about
Its foot;" and there they hid a screed, and back
Returned upon their path, coming again
To Cosoy, broken and faint; and thus dissolved,
As mists at morn, the padre's darling dream.

"Lovers of ease, and all unlike our Lord,
Are we; breakers of oaths and gluttons, base
And craven-hearted," Serra moaned, there by
The curving sea at Cosoy, where a year before
Had rung the bells of Alcalá: for moved
By wrath, and kindling into speech, he charged
The Governor, face to face, with false delay;
And so they strove, the Governor holding that
The time was not, and he the time was ripe,
Till ending, passed the padre to the sea
And chafed in priestly anger, cried: "Unholy
ease!"

Now came a time of want, the staff
Of bread was broken and distress was keen,
For all the year came neither ships nor word
To cheer the people, faint therefor with doubts
About the purpose of the King. And some,
Desponding, sank in feverish dreams and died
Foreviewing backward marches through the waste;
But some, still trusting, searched with hungry eyes
The unrewarding seas, till also they

Fell into shadowy trances, feverish dreams,
And saw all things in spectral changes pass;
Or if it chanced that, perched amongst the rocks,
The watch mistook for sail the white-faced surge
That ran before the gale, hope blithely rose,
But sank again when promise failed of proof.
The dire extreme—the desert's path—drew, like
A judgment shadow, ever nigher until
The Governor's mandate fixed the day, if still
The sea refused a sail. Meanwhile a fast,
A solemn abstinence of nine full days,
Was ordered, and the people prayed each day,
And lifted lamentations up to heaven,
And so the ninth fulfilled itself at eve.

Upon his friar's couch at midnight laid,
And full of bitter thoughts and doubts at heart,
The Padre Serra dreamed a dream, and lo!
One calm of face beside him stood, and said:
"Hast thou forgotten, thou to whom the word
Failed not when thou wast led through desert
ways
To build God's house and bless the heathen child?
Hast thou forgotten, falling into doubts?"

And Serra answered meekly: "I have sinned;
But God is merciful who made of dust
His prophets; I am darkness in His light,
And all unworthy he should visit me."

Then he who had the face of peace replied,
Down gazing on the padre as he spoke :
" There is no word save that of old, nor is
There aught beside that, hearing, men should say
God speaks of law. Read what is writ and give
To him who asketh reason of the evil days. "

And Serra answered: " God fulfills himself
Abiding in the Word. I am but dust
His nostrils should have scattered at a blast. "

" But," said the Vision, smiling as it spoke,
" Not only voices of the ancient days
But voices of the now and times to be
Appeal the ear of faith, nor doubts exempt ;
Now therefore gird thyself to follow these ;
For thou shalt prosper and shalt have success,
And so shalt lead this doubting folk a way
Thou knowest not, to build the house of God
In places thou shalt know. The time is full,
And thou shalt shortly see in pageant come
The feet most beautiful of those great ones
With tidings sent—archons of seats and thrones,
And hear what time they come to serve thee
sounds

Exultant, cried as of a multitude
Shouting far off in heaven ; but now, arise ;
One waits thine instant coming at the sea. "

And Serra, still in trance, beheld, and lo!
A ship stood anchored by the curving shore,
And from its mast a fiery oriflamme
Streamed with the breeze and lit the shrouds
And all the decks were bright, while up and down
Within the dazzling circle of the light
The plumèd master strode and seaward glanced
In moods of musing on a vast concern.
At length he called the wondering padre hence,
And showed him plenteous stores and holy things
Within the hold, and cheered his reverent soul
Expounding all the purpose of the King;
And when the morning broke through cloudless
gates,
And softly breathing rolled the mists far down
The sloping seas and ruffled all the bay
With mimic billows dancing toward the shore,
They hoisted the anchor up and sped away
Upon the quest that filled the padre's life.
The aspect of the world was changed, and changed
Thereto the passion of his mind. The heights
And depths dissolved in one consistency,
And all seemed but the robing of a soul
That shaped its pleasure to a voiceless law
And proved obedience to the uttermost.

Against the sky the sea was blue, and blue
The sky against the sea. The ship seemed now
To rise and float within the sky and now
Upon the sea. Deep called to deep; the hills

Burst into flame and o'er their summits rolled
Exultant sounds as of a multitude
Shouting far off in heaven. And signs were
there—

A sea of glass, a quivering interval
Between the heavens and those eternal peaks
Upheaving sapphire crests against the dawn ;
And sweeping earthward down in pageant came
The feet most beautiful of those great ones
With tidings sent.

Twilight at length befell,
A softness less of ether than of God
Wide brooding o'er the obeisant seas. The eve
Grew into night with vault of stars above
And floor of stars beneath, wherein the keel
Seemed motionless, and every different star
In vault and floor burned with a variant light.

A slender surf broke on the darkened shore
Beneath a fringing copse of cypress trees,
Or poured through octaves of the rocky isles
A drowsing music on the night. No breeze
Was in the sail—the pilot-star with force
Of some supernal lode drew on the prow
Of that obedient craft heaven-named and sent,
Which, ever moving, held by winding shores
That grew at dawn to wonder more and more :
Bold capes and sheer upclimbing walls and cliffs

Shaped to a vast and fierce outline of life ;
Calm valleys marging on the level seas ;
Broad mesas fragrant with abundant grass,
And canyons dark with thorny chapparals
And wilds of woolly hemlocks sloping down.
A dreamy distance wooed the gliding keel
And stretched inviting arms from silent bights
Or channels of serenest tides, blue-waved
And flowing down 'twixt groups of glittering isles
And shorelands soaring upward toward the peaks
Of mountains lilac-hued and veined with lines
Of azure woods woven and laced above
Descending streams.

The dreamland day fell soft
As only dreamland days can fall, but died
In briefness of a thought, and, dying, spread
A glory on the seas. A ragged land
Rose sharp against the sky and made a port
Of restful waters, where when night came on
The bark was steered and moored beside the
shore—
An ancient beach o'ergloomed with spectral pines
Held in a silence deep as that which reigned
Of old before the birth of primal light.

The Padre Serra landward looked, and lo !
Outlined against the wold, the Holy Cross,
And shedding luster brighter than the stars ;

The ground a little space about was lit
With that supernal glow, and dusky men
Within the radiance lifted prayerful hands,
And watched with wistful eyes the holy thing
Until, updrawn, it marked the shield of God,
The vast and star-embossed ellipse of heaven.
Ring after ring of sapphire broke and fell
From either arm, and floating downward rolled
The land and sea in flame and made them seem
One substance in the flame. And then was heard
Far up in heaven a voice which said : " Behold,
I make my house with these." And Serra saw
In vision rise a city like the King's,
Flame-built and bastioned upward awful heights,
And all its gates surcharged with sudden hosts;
And while he watched, the vision paled and passed.

III. EL CARMELO.

THE cock at Cosoy wailed at dawn and woke
The friars and neophytes. A dragon mist
Lay on the sea and breathed across the land
A breath that chilled the blood and built about
The Mission towers a Cyclopean gloom.

At matins in the shrine shone Serra's face
Lit with a light supernal, like a saint's;
His lips in prayer betrayed the touch of coals
Red from the altar by the feet of God;
The secret of his heart made glow upon
His hands and virtue in his robe, and he
Himself was then as one who talked with God;
And while he served, behold the bells, and all
Untouched, chimed out the "Veni Creator,"
And awe unearthly fell on every soul.

A sudden token shook the holy place,
And muffling through the mist the boom of guns,
The King's salute calling from off the sea
Closed in the diapason of the bells.
With joy the people thronged the shores, and
when
The sun broke through the mist, a league at sea
They saw the squadron rolling in the blue.

And Serra made a psalm of thanks that day
And sang as Moses sang beside the sea,
And all the people lifted silent thanks.

The poppy spring had dappled hill and shore
When Serra entered ship. The mountains watched
From out their holies high in heaven; the hosts
Of waves that broke about the reefs, dark-crowned
With coral palms, cried alleluias loud,
And all the sea was praise. When fell the tide
The fleet moved outward; then a wind upsprung
And swept it through the passes of the isles
And toward the vagueness of the outer deep.

Now when he saw the great ships sink away
And read fulfillment of the King's desire,
New-braced with hope, the Governor rose once
more

And marched a third time o'er the midland path,
Across the purple range, and brought his host,
When half their course was journeyed through,
into

A land sweet with the breath of fragrant shrubs
And gloomed by trunks and crests of hugest
pines;

A land beside whose rills the roebuck stalked
And where the puma prowled amongst the brakes.
From thence descending, stage by stage,
They came on valleys blue, as heaven is blue,

With harebells and with hyacinths, and starred
With poppies, for it chanced that spring was full.

And so they journeyed up the land and came
To where the cross was set amongst the pines,
And there a wonder saw: from either arm
And round the beam were hung festoons of shells
And gaudy things, gifts of the Eslen folk,
Who thought by fetich rites to please, and so
Appease the stranger; and they also showed
By signs how awful portents came and went
About the cross, shot down in flame from heaven;
And how withal it rose against the night
Up to the stars and drew them into one,
Until there burst the brightness of a hundred
moons.

And Crespi counseled there to stay and build,
Well deeming God had chosen such a place;
So there they tarried, watching day and night,
Until an eve when splendors of the sun
Made flame of sea and sky. And Crespi walked
In converse with the Governor by the shore
And came to where the green seas round a cape
Crawled like a million typhons hissing death,
When, as a man who calls again to mind
The outlines of a long forgotten dream,
Grave Crespi stood a moment fixed in thought,
Then cried: "This is the Point of Pines, and that

'Famoso Puerto, landlocked and wide,'
Of which the priest of Bueno told, and where
Two hundred years ago Vizcaino's galleys rode,
Concerning which the King commandment gave
To build beside the shore and claim the land.'
And while they gazed upon the sea, behold,
About two leagues from off the shore the ships
Of Serra, rolled in splendors of the eve!

Beside the beach they lighted signal fires
And watched the ghost-white faces of the surf
Until a sudden dawn consumed the stars
And swept the shadows from the sea.

In stole

And alb arrayed, chanting Te Deums loud,
Came Padre Serra to the shore, the while
From iron lips the ships spoke thunders to the
sea.

Ten varas from the sandy beach they marched,
Priests, Catalans and neophytes, and there
An enramada spread, and blessed and set
The cross beneath the selfsame mighty oak.
Whereunder Priest Ascension chanted Mass
Two hundred years before; and while the voice
Of cannon shook the groves, the heathen folk
In wonder looking on, the Governor came
And, drawing sword, claimed sea and shore, and all
The people for the King; and with such pomp

The Golden Land forever passed from heathen
hands.

A path that winds about the pine-girt hills
Brings one to moly Carmelo, back from
The tumbling sea. Thence went the priests and
built

The shrine of God, and called it for the King.
Most fair the place and brave the Mission wall,
As sweet the chapel built within. O there
God chose to dwell before those holy men
With chant and incense came, and then much
more ;

And gave the church long rest about the altar
there,

And from it went the conquest of the land.
Arcadian meadows girt the walls about
And rolled away beneath idyllic shades
Of century oaks and elms where night and day
Cicadas trilled the notes of peace. There winds
Moist from the waves grew whist and fed the life
Of vine and herb and dressed from spring to spring
The smiling turf with green. Abundance came
With years ; harvest and vintage brought returns ;
And flocks, as Laban's, multiplied—sheep, kine,
And horses bred from Andalusian stalls,
Known over seas for grace of limb and strength—
And, filling first the Mission pounds, escaped
And roamed the wilds, whence sprang the maverick herds

That browsed our grassy plains in pastoral times.

Long did the patient padres toil to bring
The heathen Sacalanes to light; and some,
Believing what they heard, were entered neophytes
To dwell within the walls; and some were set
To till the soil, and others yet to learn a craft,
To hew, to join, to quarry stone and carve;
Their maids and wives to spin and weave,
Whence many goodly cloths came to the shrine,
Fabrics of wool and linen strangely wrought,
And tapestries that pleased the padres' hearts.
And Serra made the people dwell apart
In cities, Sacalanes and Eslens, taught
Them gentle speeches for their homes, and with
A father's love watched over their concerns.
The Governor gave to each a plot of ground,
A bullock or an ass with which to plow,
And seed to sow their fields which soon rejoiced
With corn, and gentler grew the heathen child.

So was a fountain opened for the land
Of hope and life. And once each year when fell
The harvest, and its winsome moon was full,
The maids, each in her turn, constrained to choose,
The nuptial bells were rung and such were wed;
Nor moveless maids, nor slothful lovers, these;
Nor lacked in tenderness their tales of love:
The Cupid of the wild, winked at, played.
Many a prank upon the unsuspecting friars,
And left his beauty on the answering land.

And Serra's zeal burned ever only more,
A lamp of gold that shed its light upon
The heathen child; and Father Crespi was
To him another self, the shadow of his soul,
To whom he said: "We twain have walked as one
These many years. It pleases God we be
Not severed long by death. O, brother, we
Shall soon depart and for our house above
Exchange this holy shrine we love below.
Pray God we leave our children fixed in Him,
For, brother, evil times and sore distress
Will try the work our hands have wrought;
A horde of grievous wolves awaits the day
When we, the shepherds, sleep our sleep, and these
Our lambs shall see our faces here no more.

And Father Crespi answered him and said:
"Our days are His to measure: He hath made
Mine own remaining but a little space.
I shall be first to pass from out this wild
And see the goodly hosts that have attained;
For while at vespers kneeling I beheld
A token as of light, a glory shining
Through the house, and heard a new name called
Upon me, but no other sound I heard;
And peaceful were my thoughts and like a child's,
And I was well content, and rising saw
The moon shine full from off the sleeping sea;
And far away as in a dream the tides
Called through the sombre fragrant pines.

'Pass thou with us!' they said. And now my work
Is done, except it may be for a day
Or two that I shall wait."

So oft they spoke,
These two, perceiving how their ends approached.
And each the other cheered with holy speech.

At last worn out with toils and ails, just as
The old year's sandals touched the frothing
marge

Of a tumultuous sea that beat against
The Point of Pines, the Padre Crespi slept,
Such sleep as all might wish to sleep, so calm,
So like a weary child's. And so they bound
His feet and laid the saint to rest there in
The holy place he loved; and Serra said:
"Now is the time to go; the silver cord
Is loosed. Farewell and hail, sweet brother,
Partner in the labors of our Lord!"

And now a yearning, such as dying mothers feel
To hold their babes, possessed the fainting Serra's
heart

To see the holy houses he had built
And children born to him through Mother Church;
For through the years a host—six thousand small
And great—was gathered from the tribes and
sealed,
And Serra's hands had blessed them, everyone.

From Cosoy up the land, in winter
While a frost was on the hills, and in his blood
A fever burned, went Serra blessing all
The neophytes confirmed, and saying sad
Farewells of one who loved them most to those
Who knew his voice in other years, and thus
Contented, till he came to Arcángel,
The fairest house and choicest spot in all
The Golden Land, wherein it seemed that he
Must needs expire. The ulcers on his feet
Ran sore; the fever drank his blood; but hands
Of loving neophytes nursed back his life
And snatched a little respite from the grave;
And thence he came again to Carmel by
The moly banks and waited there his change.

A night without a shred of cloud or mist—
A vault of azure set with points of flame—
O'erhung the earth and sea, and from his couch
The dying padre gazed into its depths
Through frosty panes of casement glass, and saw
A vision of the Virgin's face, etched in
A crystal nimbus, with the Holy Child's,
And round them cherubs whiter than the stars of
dawn;
And in the tranquil night, and far beyond
The moaning sea that spread beneath, he saw
The cross that in a vision long before
He saw at Cosoy when his spirit felt
A mighty yearning toward the heathen child;

And while he looked it passed into eclipse
Of flame that made a city like the King's,
Whence came, forth from the gate that looked
upon

The sea, a shining host which beckoned thence
With beaming hands and seeming speech. Up
sprang

The dying saint, and crying, "Hail and hail!"
Spread forth his hands and passed beyond the
night.

So died the patient Serra, full of years,
Priest, pioneer and Father of the Golden Land.

* * * * *

Grey church beside the moaning sea
And in the dusky cedar's shade,
Thy tale is to the cedar tree
As some faint breeze about the glade;
The cedar's to the sea is naught;
And pain with older truth is fraught,
But love hath all your meanings made.

Old bells within the moldy tower
Call loud and long across the sea;
Call through the mists that dunly lower!
Who heard your ancient monody,
The grey old padre, hears no more;
But one who lingers by the shore,
In transient stay, will heed your plea.

This much I know of human creed,
This much of the divine in man :
That he who suffers most will need
The least of rancor in his plan ;
Will take the largest view of good,
And make of Love's beatitude
A speech all narrowness to ban.

I stood with awe and thankfulness
Before a pomp I could not dread,
Within a shrine I could not bless ;
And yet adored with bowed head.
The mystery wildly typed in these ;
For love I saw survives disease,
And serves for but a crust of bread.

Call loud and long across the sea,
Old bells within the moldy tower ;
Call through the pines and up the lea ;
Call through the mists that dunly lower ;
Ye shall not wake the past, nor him
That sleeps beneath yon cloister dim,
From whom the Golden Land is dower.

But ye have waked within my soul
A host of holy things once dead,
And knolled of much the final knoll—
Of much, the earthy, sepulch'red.
Sweet gain for my sad pilgrimage
And wisdom for my latest age,
And binding for my weary head.

IV. THE BUILDERS.

AS after storm the sun, burst through a rift
Of clouds, makes splendor widening on the
fields

And brightening on the wolds and hills, so spread
The faith and widened through the land, dispelling
shades

Of savage night, the while with martyr joy
The reverend-handed wrought and built until
One comes to Cosoy, southward, and to Assis,
Northward by the wonder-holding sea.

O Memory, wake thy muse and tell, before
From lips of life it pass, the tale of each
Those goodly seats faith reared and faith adorned
Beside unfailing stream, or sea, or in
Savannahs lapped, with near enamoring shades !

From Carmel at the summer's height when fell
The first full year, and ships were come with
friars

And needed stores, went Padre Serra forth,
Attended, on the clear Salinas' course,
And in a glen o'erwatched by bearded oaks
Belfried and rung loud bells of gospel joy,
Crying the while, "Come, children, come, and
take

The easy yoke of Christ!" Then for a time
Was silence, save that through the leafy wood
Went echo softly calling, "Come." But when
The Host upon a thymy knoll was spread
And sang the friars a loud Magnificat,
Faint on the forest's mold was heard the tread
Of feet; and lo, the shadowy forms of men,
The Gentile people watching from afar!
And so the soil and groves were dedicate,
And for Padua's Saint the altar named.

Rare vine did that brave planting grow
And rich of blood that holy martyrs gave:
Three priests, the Abbe Pujol last, found each
Beneath those never-fading oaks his crown
And there a grave in peaceful solitude;
But evermore prevailed the cross, with year
By year its hundred births from Gentile death;
And year by year the Mission's store increased,
The cheer of travelers passing through the wild.

Next after Carmel fairest, fashioned forth
A wonder of adoring zeal, appeared
San Gabriel in the South. Seen from afar
Miraged in blue and vert, and flamed about
By torches of the phlox and golden-rod,
It seemed the vision of another house
Let down from heaven. Nor lacked it proof of
 grace
In after times, nor wanted litanies

Of love and toil. There faith went hand in hand
With useful skill taught to the neophytes
Who vied each with the other in their tasks,
And made the lamps of altars and their cups,
And fashioned also groins and fretted beams
With many an ornament of holy use.
Deft likewise grew the hands of novice maids
To weave soft-carded wools and linens bright
With Tyre-excelling dyes; to plait the reeds
And grasses, many-hued, that grew about
The stream; to make them beaded reticules,
And sandal shoon wherewith to clothe their feet.
And these became the mothers of the lords
Of after times, even these once-savage maids.
So grew the miracle of faith far in
The dreamy South; and still, O blest! the chimes
Of old sound from the many-belfried towers
Calling to Angelus at summer eves.

Los Osos, haunt of deer and whistling quail,
An ancient fen sucked of its deadly ooze
By sea and sun, grew wildly rank with life
Of vine and tree, by nature dressed.
The frail convolvuli, cerulean-cupped,
Made beauty in the brakes and on the cliffs;
The red heath apple rained its Shulem wealth
Amongst the nutgrass spires; the wild rye
Shot its arrowy seeds upon the breeze,
While birds of paradise flashed sheeny wings
Amongst the shades.

Hither the padres came
And chanted litanies which, riding down
The winds, hailed thither wondering savage men,
Who offered gifts of milky nuts and signed
Their joy to hear the echo-waking bells.
Then were they glad, those holy men, and called
The name of great San Luis on the place,
And left before the wide-beholding sea
A torch to light the darkness of the land.

The stigma of the Friar of Assis marked
The day when to the house Dolores came
His image, Palou chanting Mass before,
Palou the same whom Serra left to fill
His room when first he went to plant the cross
On heathen soil; a toilful priest was he,
A man of blameless speech and single eye,
And like to him Cambôn, and both true sons
Of their seraphic Sire; to whom in time
Came Peña and Maria, and they wrought,
These four, as one, adorned the holy house,
Planted a little space of hills and taught
The brook to flow about the terraced slope,
Feeding the fields and gardens by the wall,
Albeit greater fields were sown beyond
The hills, where better soil invited husbandry,
And whence in later times the Mission drew
Its staff of bread; and thence the waters burst,
And Cambôn blessed the fountains, dual springs,
That sent sweet wellings forth, thereafter famed

And much desired as giving health, new blood
And thews of youth; the barren women drank
And knew the joys of motherhood: so said
The wrinkled crones that mouthed on market days.
Then was the honor of the saint renewed,
Where this his house stood like a palm tree by
The rill; and fragrant like a rose that blooms
The desert in, it blessed the desert's child.

From fire-scathed Alcalá impatient feet
To Sajarit passed, and holy hands took
From their hiding place, fear-made a year before,
The bells and chasubles devote, and reared
San Juan, the monument of after woe.
Fair rose its domes against the sky, but rose
To fall. The air a sudden tremor took
As of the voice of doom, and while a host
Of waves tumultuous from the outer seas
Fell moaning misereres on the shore,
The earthquake spoke its wrath, and they were not,
The children of its travail. In their death
Sublimely sepulchered, they sleep where
Like a shattered hope the temple's beauty lies.

Beneath a sapphire sky, and in the vale
By Guadeloupe's fluent tide, set round
By sunny slopes, Assisi's Maid found seat
And patron honors undisturbed. Begot
Of peace, itself clave close to happy peace
And brought its children forth in peacefulness.

Deep in the glens about, the wild rose blew,
The petted child of nature's ease. By door
And gateway and beside the shrine's own porch,
Transplanted, grew the wildling grace,
Until one saw the prophet's dream fulfilled
And Zion blossom with a virgin bloom.

The years that passed were four ere went again
The feet of builders shining through the South,
Whence journeying on they came to Chufu's seat—
Chufu, the chiefest of the Chumas' gods,
And terror-clothed. There while a mist blown like
A smoke from out the Channel Seas o'erspread
The hills and highest peaks, their office said,
To good Ventura, Saint, the padres reared
An house, and blessed and sowed the mattocked
fields,
Nor lacked for answer to their lusty toils
In that surprising land. Three harvests to
The sickle yearly fell. The cocoa spread
Its silken fronds and ripened in the air;
The date, the plantain and the peach beside
The almond drank the warmth of sun and soil;
The walnut's branches rained their marrowy
globes
At autumn, while the wine from out the pipes
Ran red as sunset on the ocean isles.

The selfsame year was laid the line upon
Saint Barbara's portion in the vale betwixt

The mountains and the sea; such sea
As, looking on, one thinks of that which breaks
With fringe of pearl against the shores of Life;
Such mountains as within the thought of him
Beholding seem the hills delectable
On that fair coast which John in Patmos saw.

This was the realm of Yanonalit, chief
Of Chumas, mild and generous folk who brought
Their stores of fruits and gave their help to build
A chapel where the first rude altar rose;
And Yanonalit brought with him, when first
He came to kiss the padre's hands, his young
Twin daughters, mountain flowers that grew in
 grace
Of native princesshood unpoused and free.
These Serra baptized, blessed with sign and gave
To each a name of martyr maid and sent
Them far away in ship to dwell with nuns
Until their time of womanhood. And so
It fell that one became herself a nun
And one was wedded to a knight in Spain.

Thus was there pledge of peace, and thus was built
Saint Barbara's earliest house. But ere
The destined beauty grew from faith to form
Was Serra's office ended, and he passed
From toil to his reward amongst the blest.
And therefore was there doubt upon the land,
For none arose thereafter likened unto him.

But Padre Lasuén took his room and built
The shrines Purísima and Santa Cruz,
This by the Alsacupi, that beside
The clear Lorenzo near the pleasant sea;
And doleful Soledad; and San Miguel,
Reared to the Captain of the heavenly hosts;
And Bautista, shaped from oaken beams
And thatched with leaves, as fitted, in the wilds;
And San José, called so for spouse of her
That Mother was of our dear Lord the Christ;
And San Fernando, girt with palms and shades
Of reverend oaks; and Luis Rey, named for
That holy king of long ago, in grace
The noblest built in all the Golden Land;
And these were blest, their times, with all the rest,
Fair doors of mercy opened in the wilds.

But all is changed. Avarice and time, and blight
Of man's neglect! Alas! The houses mourn
Their beauty past; but mourn in hopelessness.
Each now is bride to silence, fruitless each,
And all unfavored, save that here and there
A suppliant comes to pray in secret
And adore before the fall'n altar Him
That changeth not with changing time. Waste are
The fields about that once were green with corn
And musky-mellow at the time of grapes;
The meadows lie of browsing herds untrod;
The cloisters vacant stand, bewebbed and fouled
Of mildew, falling piecemeal in the damp

Of rain and mist, unguarded, save by dust
Of holy dead inurned about. Yet here
Was once a life fair-clothed with washen robes
For rags of heathen shame exchanged; here lived
The vows of chastity and faith, and here
The heathen child grew up a saint, and oft
A martyr died for Christ's most holy name.
Methinks the Indian's voice is heard again
Within those reverend places, plaintive, wild,
And like a new-born babe's before the dawn—
A cry that, hearing, those sweet fathers' hearts
With mother pangs of love were touched, and
deemed
Assisi's Saint oft-times, when incense filled
The house or hung at Angelus above
The Host, approached the chancel clad in vests
Of myrrhy samite, but so dimly faint
That all was spirit-like; and stretching forth
His hands, blessed all the kneeling neophytes;
Then following after, spirit-like and low,
Intoning voices filled the inmost shrine
And, passing hence, were heard far off in heaven.

* * * * *

El Carmel by the river
Molders and falleth ever;
No more its belfries quiver
With the riot of old bells.
The river wendeth slowly

Through meads of cress and moly
Under the ruins holy,
Where ancient silence dwells.

No reverent soul of mortal
Passeth the gloomy portal
Bearing a wish immortal
Appealed to love or law;
No vespers there are chanted,
No penance asked or granted,
But the chancel old is haunted
By a legendary awe.

The swallow there is mated,
The eerie owl is sated,
And the turtle drops belated
Beneath the hoary eaves.
No burning censer leaveth
A sweetness that relieveth
What gloom the ivy weaveth
In monody of leaves.

The silent stars shine nightly,
The summer sun glows brightly,
The desert winds breathe lightly
Through arch and colonnade;
The aspen whispers kindly,
The spider weaveth blindly,
Madonna looks resign'dly
From the rudely carved façade.

Hard by the gleaming fallows,
Under the dusky willows,
Low on their earthy pillows,
 The holy men repose.
The sea mist settles dunly,
The spice tree weepeth lonely,
But the gnarlèd oak tree only
 Their long *hic jacet* knows.

There creeps the brown-leaved clover
And throws its mantle over
The dust-still hearts that never
 In prayer again shall burn;
Its sweet the camphor spilleth,
The dryad locust trilleth
Till autumn's raindrop filleth
 Their lowly marble urn.

Stars of a faith time-hoary,
Spurners of place and glory,
Tellers of simple story
 With redolence of pain;
Peace, holy and unbroken,
Good in the highest spoken,
And honor without token,
 A recompense remain.

El Carmel by the river
Molders and falleth ever;
And passing time doth sever

The thoughts of men the more.
So every labor falleth,
Nor faith nor pride recalleth,
But dusky night o'erpalleth
Whose light has gone before.

Tradition cometh sadly,
And passion cometh madly,
While wonder cometh gladly
To look upon the waste ;
Song cherisheth divinely,
Doubt standeth by supinely,
Truth passeth on benignly
And ever maketh haste.

V. THE HOUSE DOLORES.

FULL many an admiral passed the Golden Gate,
But never European saw within
Till Portolá, distraught and baffled, came
At autumn, leading those sent forth to build
A shrine and set presidial bounds before
Vizcaino's ever-fleeting bay. For when
At first they should have found for which they
searched,
A fog heaved heavenward from the ocean like
A coral shore, Himalayan-topped, hid all,
The fair expanse, and so denied their eyes
And left them wandering on till, lured by capes
And headlands ever beaten by wild surfs
And void of sheltering coves, they came at last
Into a range of darkly wooded hills,
Deep-cloven by canyadas, cool with streams,
That dripped from hidden sources in the glades
Of fern and chapparal, and there encamped
Within the shadows of the wold, despairing
Of the King's behest and weary of
Their vagrant lives that brought no fruit. All
night
Their flickering camp-fires threw a ghostly light
Far down the vistaed gloom of red-wood holes,
And memory's camp-fire, feeding on the past,

Burned bright and re-illumed the years of life;
While round the strawy canopy above
The winds in melancholy music sobbed,
And through the rifted shades with half-shut
 eyes
They watched the stars in vastness overhead;
But speech was stronger than the wondering
 soul,
And one broke forth and sang a strain of love,
A love that was and perished long before;
But one sang low of home in other clime
And days of happier thought and deed than
 now,
And sang till voice and spirit both were calm;
Another caught the falling note and sang
Of courage, and of faith's serene reward
Laid up beyond the stars and sobbing wold;
Then silence fell, and in it came the dawn,
Grey-breaking through the passes of the hills.

Far murmurs as of waves upon the beach,
Low voices whispered on the fainting winds
Came from the purple north; and straight a
 knight
Amongst the knights declared the sign, and
 cried:
"This bids us journey till we find the King's
 desire;
Obedience is the seal of hope; what though

The voice that calls be whispered in the ear
In no state speech, the truth as truth abides,
Speaking to those who hear with reverent sense.
A wind, the songs of turtles in the pines,
The scent of autumn airs may prove to hearts
That heed evangels of the higher will ;
Therefore obey this present voice and live
In stories that shall tell the deeds of this
Our day of chance. Disloyal prove, and die,
Or live the jest of fame, and have men say
In aftertimes, 'These went on noble search,
But failed through doubt and timorous mind,'
and so

Shall others come and take our crowns and near
The King shall reap advantage of our sloth,
And gain the smiles and prayers of happy
saints.

Not chance, but faith, the profit holds of this
Our quest. Halfway will meet us heaven, but
takes

A pledge of foreworks; ere reward is fruit
Within our reach desire must blossom out
With zealous deed. This precedent, avouched
By high degree, appeals with deed to deed:

Don Martin Perez, courtly, grey and sage,
A leisure-pensioned sailor of the King
Who made more knights and sailors by his talks
In one short year than half the schools in Spain,
As midman in his youth sailed venture-wise

Joined with a master seeking coast or isle
Unknown, but prospered little, meeting winds
And shipping boisterous seas, till, purpose balked,
The master turned, took surcease in his grog
And anchored in a calm at height of stars.
But his young midman, bent on enterprise,
Beheld the east burst into foam and heard
The horns of Tritons blowing down the gale,
When presto! blared by callow midman lips
Thrust out like any Puck's, the trumpet called
To ropes; the bark leaped to the surf's embrace
As maiden to a lover's long desired,
And ere the rum-drenched master woke to stare,
A pearl-white tropic dawn fell on the sea,
Showing long lines of dappled isles that burst,
Like crocus roses from a summer pond,
Outposts of palmy shores that through a frith,
Broad like a bay, gave to the salty vast
A river's tempering tides. Fair guerdon, that,
Of faith that took the times of providence,
And likewise augment to the Spanish crown
Of glory and imperial lands. Up we!
Enchanted tracts before us lie. The Cross,
Our country and our King appeal!"

Adjured by these
Enkindling words, they entered into vow
To journey till they found the King's desire,
Or else attained the bounds of land and sea.

From thence Ortega with a chosen few pressed
on

And came to bold San Bruno's utmost verge,
And there beheld what stirred his Latin blood,
The blue Puerto rolled amongst the hills ;
A long expanse of inland waves sheen with
The light of morning skies, and virgin shores
And terraced landscapes smiling in the sun.
Star-crested night had sprinkled with cool dews
The land that stirred not with a sign of life,
But fair beyond the vision of a dream,
And fair within as fair without the seas ;
Two islands, emeralds in a turquoise belt
About the thews of a grim mount that watched
Above the mystic Gate, smote starlike through
The blending miracle of sea and sky
And gleamed enchantment on their wondering
sight.

What ghost seraphic, what mild saint of heaven
Had hither led? they asked ; and, answering,
blessed
Their sire of Assis, Francis, marked with wounds
Of Him who bade his servants bind and loose.
How soon they thought to loose these pleasing
shores
From thrall of heathen silence long endured !
Whereof was given a sign in prophecy,
For while they watched, behold, a cloud that
wrapt
The mount about moved down and built along
The multifarious windings of the shores

Dim shapes—the outlines of a city rolled
In plenitude of mists against the slopes
That upward climbed ; while down the strip of sea,
Leaving no wake within the tranquil wave,
Moved shadowy argosies, where, save of old
The freighted image of the crescent moon
Led down the winding frith and seaward on
By pilot of the Evening Star, there came
Not since the world began the keel of ship.
And thus they saw the after years revealed
And read in phantasy the pledge of all.

And now Ortega, choosing two beside,
Left there the rest a day and night, and traced
The shores about and saw at eve, emblazed
With splendors of the setting sun, the Gate
Unnamed, the doorway of the wonder-holding sea.
All night they heard the murmurs of the tides
That crawled beneath a slowly lifting mist,
And rose to greet the dawn's resplendent train,
And saw, high o'er the lesser hills, the peaks
Of snow gleam in the wide-extended blue,
And thought how myriad feet must tread the soil
They trod, and myriad watchers scan, as they,
The sky and greet the after-coming dawns.
But there they built no house, nor left a sign
To tell their triumph save, and only save,
A wooden cross upon the windy beach.

But God is one and hasteth not; one heart
Is that which throbs through time, and breaks
and cries.

Men were before what men we are; our blood
Was theirs and shall be others; God is God
And makes his waiting purpose plain at last.

And now the King again said, "Build," and came
De Anza, knight and captain puissant,
With priests and soldiers, and a substance great,
In charge to found a new presidial realm;
Who made long search of all the shores about,
Feeding prophetic vision on the things
He saw of wave and shoreland, wood and stream;
And taking note of fertile plots, he chose
The sites for mission and presidial holds:
The one beside Dolores slender brook,
Shut in by misty hills, but looking round
On sunny slopes and meads, as also on
A bit of restful wave, the Weeper's Bight,
So named because he heard the Ohlones there,
Mothers belike, make mournful weeping for the
dead;

The other near the sea and on a noble hill,
The better thus to guard the priceless Port
And reap the promise of the hidden years.
Nor stayed his search beside the mid-most sea;
But up San Pablo's winding shores and through
The pass of San Rafaél, to see at last
Sonoma's mountains lift their lines against

The sky and frame a picture of delight
In slopes and plains through which, like lighter
 strokes
Of some old master's brush toned to the shades
And splendors of his larger dream, the rills
Green-marg'd, down-drifting, sought the quiet
 seas.

This done, back to his post De Anza rode,
Charging Rivera with the King's behest—
Rivera, bravest proved of all who drew
Their swords in conquest of the Golden Land,
A soul well fit to match those knightly ones
Whose armor caught the lights of Faeryland
And flashed them round the unperceiving world;
Yet not through Faeryland was his to ride,
But his to trace the desert path and make
His heart a lamp to light the darkened land;
Serving or ruling, always just, he fell
At last, as well became the knight he was,
Defending woman's honor and his own;
For so it chanced he held a post, himself
And twelve beside, a petty fort, but now,
As sheltering wives and helpless babes borne
 thence

In times of fear, grown to the rank of some
Grey rook, the treasure fortress of a king.
At midnight, when the desert slept in gloom
And torrid silence underneath a sky
Whose stars fought in their courses, raining hail

Of meteor-fire, a horde of Yumas,
Yelling demon wrath and sending showers
Of poisoned shafts before, set on the fort;
And these few held the gate and puny walls,
Piling the savage slain in gory heaps.
But Don Rivera, wounded, died at morn,
As died the rest; and when there came a guard
Which had delivered, making haste, they found
Him lying with his foes, but grasping still
With bronzed right hand his blade, red-dripping
Heathen blood, and on his face defiance set.

Such was the knightliness that kept the sword
And vigiled while the zealous padres wrought
To rear Saint Francis' altar in the north.
But when, beforetimes, Don Moraga built
The fort beside the arm of sea and loud
The bloodhound cannon barked, from sheer
affright

The Ohlones and Romanyans, native tribes,
Fled to the isles in tulé crafts, nor came
Again to claim their homes for two full moons,
And then in anger, setting fiercely on
The priests and soldiers, till the mild Palou
Held up the picture of the Blessèd Maid
Folding in gentle arms the Holy Babe,
At which some left their weapons by the hight
And kissed the padre's hands, becoming neophytes;
But others stood and kept a wrathful mood
Until Grijalva chastened them with thorns,

Compelling peace of all, save one, a priest
Of demon rites, a sorcerer deep-taught
In grisly spells; of mighty frame and limb,
Majestic-shouldered, eagle-faced and topped
With a gigantic poll, whose unkempt mass
Flowed with the winds as seaweeds with the tides.
A fierce-orbed eye was his and voice that spoke
Authority; with one he awed, and with
The other ruled the land, girt as he went
With charms and amulets of whispering shells.
Because, when first they saw him gaunt from fasts,
Coyoté by the Spaniards aptly called,
But Copah, meaning fire, amongst his tribes;
Unconquered when his people bowed, he fled
To Tamalpais and dwelt amongst its crags
And pines, where, as the Miwok prophets tell,
There sleeps a god recumbent on the ledge
Five leagues extending toward the Golden Gate,
As one may see at sunset when a flame
Burns round his head and rolls returning
Toward his feet: his hair, which seaward streams
a league
In length, the plowing avalanches comb
And deck with towering redwoods, bole and
branch,
Torn from the forest glooms, as sachem's deck
Their own with plumes of eagle and of kite.

From aery spaces crystal clear, above
The peaks of Shasta, came in the far morn

Of virgin light a mighty race, half earthy,
Half the children of the gods, to be
The sires and guides of mortal man. From these
The hunter's skill, the warrior's courage
And the spells of sorcery, healing and of
Making rain—with whom this god descended from
The ice-embattled mount to find his rest
On this; and till he wakes the Indian child
Must suffer fate. Except a power beyond
The gods deny to him the waters of
The sacred rill, vast woe awaits unto
The end who holds the Indian's wrested lands.
For in that early time halfway the mountain's
slope

There welled a thermal fountain to the light,
And there a deadly serpent, laving lengths
Of sapphire folds, kept guard; while from his jaws
A slimy venom oozed, and mingled with
The clear cup of the rill, that none might drink
Thereof and live. High on an eerie pine
A raven croaked, waiting a thousand years
The waking of the god, who drank, ascending
Toward his rest, and will, descending, drink again,
And so renew his strength to work his will,
And sate his foredetermined wrath; but if
A mortal drink thereof, its virtue fails
The god, and all his strength remains as man's.
So watched the rook above with demon eyes,
And hissed the serpent poisoning all the brook.

In storm and shine climbed wizard Copah up
The windy ledges to the Sleeper's brow
From which the hair flows seaward down a league
And cursed the stranger by the god he praised;
Cursed with a woe the white-faced padres; cursed
The bloodhound cannon barking in the fort;
The cross with wizard incantations cursed,
Until the darkness blotted land and sea;
And then at noon of night amongst his crags
He lifted up a voice that drowned the notes
Of winds reverberant in the swaying pines,
An echo rolling through the voids of night,
Till they who chanced in rocky bights or creeks
About the mount to ply a midnight oar
Heard sounds articulate and manifold,
As though a thousand tongues in clamors spoke.

Intent to know if sign appeared, each day
The stealthy sachem, shadow-like, crept from
His misty lodge; but saw at last an end
Of all the ill he wished—uncoiled and dead
The typhon lay, and 'twixt his gaping jaws
A ragged stone hurled by a mortal hand,
And dead beside him there the eerie rook.

With grievous cry that shivered through the
gloom
The savage fled, and, upward climbing, stood
Against the carven Shape. The Ohlones saw

(As now their grey-haired tribesmen, chanting
tell),
And while they watched a white mist wrought
about
His form the semblance of a cavern vast
And high. A ghostly paleness spread within;
And through it, bearing torches, came a file
Of wizard men, topped all with mighty polls
Of flying hair; before them crawled a dragon
Frothing fire, which, flowing down in lurid rills
And mingling with the wizards' torches, made
Unearthly light about the head of Copah,
Gazing from afar. Then came, a little
Space before, a sachem taller than the rest
Who beckoned unto Copah, and he passed
Into the cave and so was lost to sight;
But thus it hapt with him : they made a pyre,
Those wizard men, and stripped from Copah's
wrists
His amulets of whispering shells, and from
His neck the charms of dragon's teeth, and heaped
Them on the pyre; then bound and laid thereon
The wizard's self, chanting a death-song, till
Red flames enwreathed his form, and in a robe
Of smoke his spirit passed upon the winds,
To dwell in aery spaces, crystal clear,
Above the peaks of Shasta, whence of old
The archons of the Miwoks came to be
The sires and guides of mortal men. Seeing
Their priest and bond of race departed thus,

The remnant flung their craft of war and all
Their charms and heathen spells into the sea,
And, bowing, meekly kissed the padre's hands.

So was the conquest of the land complete,
And rose Dolores at the utmost shore,
A house and fold for heathen little ones
Made lambs of Christ; lowly but strong, and sweet
With sheltering eaves and prayers, and shepherd
 hands
To keep and lead. So blessing, it was bless'd.

VI. DOÑA INEZ.

SOME respite left it from the last decay,
Dolores' house was blest beyond the rest
Its compeers. Round about it Yerba rose
Girt by the dimpling seas, and there began
The dreams of Spain to merge into the day;
And there the doughty commandants, the arm
And voice of Spain, held firm and easy sway.
A frequent season filled with mirth and sport
Of gallant sorts the long bright days beguiled
And starry nights. There Cupid kept his court
As bravely as in palaces and bowed
In honor to the dusky maids as at
The feet of royal dames; and days of troth
And bridal feasts were matched with rustic pomp
And minstrelsy. So went the merry round
Of pastoral years unbroken by a dread.

But now there grew a menace in the north;
Down-groping through an ice-strewn autumn sea,
Into Bodega sailed a Muscove fleet,
There anchored and disbarked an Aleut horde
To hold the Northern shores, contesting thus
The ancient claim of Spain; which thing perceived
The commandant who watched with jealous eye
The seas about and far-extending shores;
And war was nursing in the Spanish heart,

Like swarms of gadflies in a secret place;
And war had been, except that Cupid's dart
Proved swifter than the sword of Mars, and so
Slew one that all might live; yet that slain lived
Again, returned from passion's living death.

Don Luis then was commandant, with seat
At Yerba fairer grown beside the sea
Locked in the shelter of the fruitful land,
And fairer made by Don Luis, a glass
Of courtesy, and brave and wise withal
And noble in his mind, and blessed with one
Fair daughter, Doña Inez, loved of all,
And lovely she in utmost gentleness
And in the meekness of her maiden mind;
Spain's proud, voluptuous grace united there
With life from old restraints and pomps of time
Divorced to make who made an empire's peace,
As Helen made another's woe. Than she
None more devout, yet none more blithe nor free;
Castilian roses bloomed on either olive cheek,
Which none but bravest lips might pluck, and yet
Unplucked, when, on a furious sea that beat
Against the ragged Heads, a Muscove ship
Hove through the Gate, and anchored near the
fort;

Her master, Rezanoff, a gallant Count,
And fired with bold designs. Openly to trade
He came, but secretly to spy the fort,
Explore the full-waved rivers flowing down
And measure the defenses of the land.

As fit his rank and as was meet to treat
A guest, Don Luis gave an audience to
The Count, and in his honor spread a feast ;
And so, constrained, he tarried many days,
Returning courtesy for courtesy,
But ever taking note and casting chance
In thought against the potency of Spain,
Until an eve, at feast within the hall
Presidial, at her father's side, he saw,
And for the first time saw, the Lady Inez,
And, seeing, in his heart confessed himself
Her slave, and henceforth dreamed of only her.

Meantime there came great ones, and wise, sent
forth
From distant courts and schools in learning's
name.

Of these Chemisso chief, and Kotzebue,
Whom Arguello received with honors, made
Them holidays with baits of bulls and feats
Of horsemanship; showed them the land, and
sent

Them on their quest with generous words, as did
The Governor, speaking for the Court of Spain.
But Rezanoff, toiled by the maiden grace
Of Doña Inez, tarried still, forgot
His bold designs and sued with lover's zest
Where he had meant to lay the trains of war.
But Doña Inez yielded not at first,
seeing he was of different blood and faith ;

And doubting her own heart, if it were love
Or something less, she gave the stranger for
His own. But once, when on the bait they
looked,

And while the vaquero rode round the pit,
And "Toro! Toro!" from a hundred throats
Burst on the air, the maddened brute dashed at
His mounted foe, doing to death the horse;
And soon had gored the man, but Rezanoff
Leaped to the pit, caught up the shivered lance
And drove it to the creature's heart, yet not
Without sore cost, for through his gloveless palm
The staff was forced, making a ragged wound
From which the blood gushed forth and reddened
all

The white lawn of his vest. And Doña Inez,
Binding up the wound with her white kerchief,
there
Confessed in her own heart a deeper wound.

"A noble courage, Señor Count; a task
That daring sets before the brave," she said,
While fitful flushes mantled either cheek.

And he: "No task is that, sweet lady, nay,
Nor peril, where on courage waiteth praise
Of gracious lips tutored of gracious heart,
And ministry like this of thine."

Then she :

"You speak no word unworthy, knight of Spain,
Or any puissance that ever yet
Hath been amongst the gentle of the earth.
I wonder since I thought no other race
So noble as mine own in courtesy."

She ceased, and he, returning: "Here indeed
Upon these maiden shores, and in the glow
Of graciousness whereof your maiden self
Is sun, I have learned much of courtesy,
And shall forever debtor be to him,
Your father, holding rule of knightly arms,
And thee, the fair enshrinement of the land."
Which said, he bowed right gallantly, and with
His aides returned to ship.

A day of sun

Lay on the land and sea, and all the arc
Of heaven was fleckless azure, when from out
The shadow of his three-decked floating tow'r
The wounded sailor's pinnace shot across
The rippling interval, and set him on
The shore fast by the low presidial gate;
For now more sorely wounded in his heart
For love of Doña Inez, and because
Of all her tender care, he made his plea
Once more, whereto she yielded, and it pleased
Her father's mind, who knew the stranger brave
And held him just; and just he was indeed,

But such was made by love for her whose eyes
Drank up the rivers of his warlike wish
And paled ambition's lawless star within,
So that he saw but her, the land's delight,
And held in her the conquest of the land.

Yet was this love not sealed with bridal vows,
Nor should be till he voyaged and came again,
Fulfilling service by a space of years;
And so with pledge of faith he sailed away,
And with him passed the menace of the land.
From her lone window at the eve of day
Watched Doña Inez till the topmast dipp'd away,
And high above her lover's ship the glow
Made signs for her who kept a maiden's watch,
True-hearted, dreaming in a maiden's bower—
Dreaming the dreams a woman dreams but once,
The all-infolding visions of a world
Sweet with the airs of brooding love whose day
From morn to eve is lit with faery light,
And blest with voices crying, "Hail!"

In sleep she dreamed again, more blessed dreams
than those
In waking light. The slow dividing years
Were passed, and now his ship's tall mast
Rose o'er the puny craft about the bay;
The salvos broke in thunders and the hills
Spoke back their honors to a Count and liege
Of an imperial lord. All like a queen
She stood before the altar in her robes

Of nuptial, and as at a royal troth
All things were done and said. Then far away
Beyond the seas, to cities and the courts
Of kings, he whose she was had borne her in his
love.

Moreover, there his castle was that waited,
Rich with pomp and plenty and the love
That made it so ; and there within the door
Were voices crying, "Blest of women, hail!"

Meanwhile, about the Northern fields of ice
With its young master dreaming likewise in
The light of summer lands, the good ship beat
A year, fulfilled its time and westward plowed
To shelter in a far Siberian port ;
Whence, journeying on, the sailor, sickened sore
With fever, came to Yakooskt, and there died
Whispering an alien speech and strange to those
Who stood about ; but she who loved him well,
And watched in her far home across the sea
The coming of his ship for seven full years,
Knew not, but ever said at autumn when
Returned the selfsame day that brought him first :
"He comes to-day," and if a mighty wind ;
At night howled round the "Heads" and shook the
Low presidial house, she looked at morn
To see his white sail in the bay, but looked in vain.

Then, long before she knew the worst,
Her heart consented and she watched no more ;
But like a life that early blooms with death

And fruits with silence of the grave, her hope
Declined, grew spectral, and at last fell in the dust ;
And weeping ever in her silent bower,
She said : " This year my spirit journeys far away,
And they will wrap me in the white of death
Long ere the golden poppies blow, or o'er
San Pablo's winding waves, rich, laden with
The breath of summer, come the gales again.
So I shall pass beyond the darkening West,
And far beyond the light-consuming sea,
The great sea of the West,—mysterious, vague,—
Shall pass and find my heart in Paradise
And keep it till he comes from prison glooms
Or distant wars to claim it, who is leal
And noble, passing all the men of earth."

But when her spirit's burden heavier grew,
She sought the House of Grief, and there before
Our Lady's shrine poured out her soul in prayer.
" O, Mary, Mother, Virgin ! " thus she prayed,
" A virgin's grief is hers who brings
A virgin's heart as token to thy shrine.
O sorrowful no more ! bind up the heart
Of sorrow in a virgin's breast, and watch
For her who cannot watch until he comes
Whose is my virgin's faith to meet and bless
Me in that paradise beyond the sea."

So prayed she, gaining strength for daily need ;
Or sometimes when a gloom was fallen in

The holy house, or when a fresher fountain
Opened in her heart, she felt a nameless doubt,
Sometimes a nameless fear, strike like a knell
Or sudden cry of flame swift through her thought,
And then she wept unheard, communing with
Each spectre fear or torturing doubt. "False, he?
Nay, false he cannot be; such faith as his must
Needs o'erturn the world of truth in falling.
He is true! yea, rather let me think him
False in all things else, yet true in this, his faith
To me, who, faithful waiting, die for him
A thousand deaths, and would a thousand times
Be born and die to show my faithful love!
O, Mary, Mother, Virgin, show me how
A virgin's heart may break again—
A thousand times—and yet may keep that life
Of her that virgin is and true of faith!"
And so she kept her dolor time, and left
The holy place for vigils in her home.

Slow passed the days, and passed at last her
doubts,
Her fears; her tears at last were dried, and like
A saint in halo of an ecstasy
That painters love to paint, she went and came
And made a peace and sweetness where she came.
At length—the length of many a day and month,
The measure of a sorrow-nuptial—came
The sorrow-sealing word; but since no more
Her grief could know, as once, a sudden wound,

She heard unmoved the tidings which it brought
From o'er the great sea of the West, telling
Her lover dead : passing from lip to lip
And borne through every zone before she heard,
And then from a grey sailor who had held
The tale a useless thing, repeating now
Because a memory linked it with the place,
Not deeming she for whom it went still watched,
Though not as once beside the Golden Sea.

And now there fell a plague at Yerba ; all
The year the fever wasted sore, and half
The people perished, and the priests despaired ;
But Don Luis in desperate answer found
The leafy pass of San Rafaél, and built
A refuge there amid the whispering trees
That darkle o'er irriguous meads and shade
The summer rills whose fountains gender from
Upsloping hills ; and there the cheerful airs
Revived the sick ; and thus the plague was stayed.

And Doña Inez went in weeds and helped
The sick, and there remained within the shrine
And taught the orphaned ones left of the plague,
And also there, amongst the ancient books
Brought from the crypts of Alcalá, she found
A story told by one, a priest, of his own soul,
And one whose pain was mirror of her own :
" Let God be true," the reverend history ran ;
" And Christ forgive an erring son if earth

Too much his thoughts engage, for sometimes when
The voices of my brother monks no more
Are heard in chants and prayers, and virgin stars
In long processions, choiring, through the aisles
Of yon wide temple of the night, and springs
A breeze across the land sweet with the breath
Of spice and tamarind, which, pausing like
A lover at my window, whispers low
And flings about my neck its viewless arms,
I feel, heart-deep, the passion of a dream
In far Iberian summers dreamed; I live
Again the bliss of days too fond to last,
The heaven of love I trust to find beyond
These shades of night and autumn's moaning seas.

"God made us twain that, perfect grown, we might
In unity attain the substance of
His Holy Church wherein the Lamb and Bride
Complete the glory of the heavenly dream.
But not in sense alone is wrought the sign;
A fire ethereal is the spring of love,
And likest God are they who prove its flame.

"In those my days of warmth and light I watched,
The ranks of heaven's eternal cavalcade
In silent pomp ride down the vaulted night;
But mostly one I held, pale planet Love,
Now Hesper named, that sank through tearful skies
And died the million-times-repeated death
Of amorous grief. Deep mystery of life!

Her life, that gave itself to death which moved
Invisibly along the faultless lines
Of that fair house wherein her spirit dwelt!
Tale of the almug tree, that, dying, breathes
A faint and fragrant mist, a redolence,
That circles like a censer's smoke about
The forest of its birth! So Cosmie passed
Into Nirvana of ethereal sense,
And evermore in visions I beheld
Her grown to kinship with the stars of dawn
All through such mystic change as Pleion's maids
And offspring came to their immortal state.
Fair are the paths beyond that tryst of stars
Where love abides the day. God's last is best."

Thus Doña Inez read and gathered strength,
And nearer came to what her life must be;
And so, at last, the veil she took, and in
Saint Barbara's holy house consumed her days
In kindly ministries until full half
The century dragged away. Meanwhile she saw
Come, one by one, the changes of the years:
First, war with Spain, when by the shore great
ships
With bellying sails bore down and scourged the
land
That, doubting, waited till a fate, such fate
As might, should fall its share from fitful war;
Then down the slopes of sunrise hills, and through
The sunset gateway of the seas, shouting

An Argonautic cry, the Saxons came
Seeking a fabled wealth before, straving
A fabulous behind. So Doña Inez
Saw a new race, swift and reckless, pluck
Her own from off the seat of power, and lift
A new flag up to wave above the soil;
And ere she went in reverend age to death
A new faith took the honors of the old,
And southward, northward, widened through the
land.

THE END.



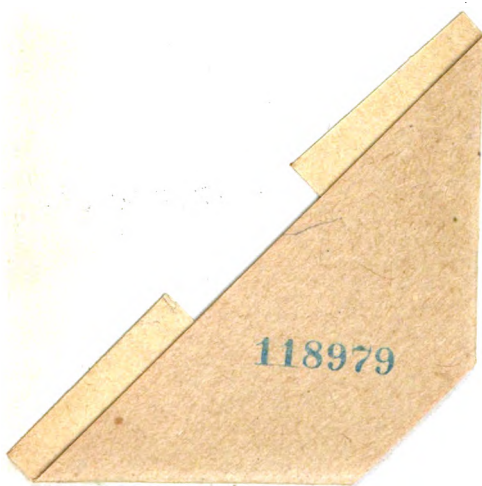
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